

# Good Morning

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The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## CONFUCIUS WISE MAN OF THE EAST

J. M. BARDON continues his Series  
on the Great Religions of the Orient

CONFUCIANISM has been described as the religion of China and has some 350,000,000 adherents. But in fact the religion of China is older than Confucius who made no pretence to be the founder of a new religion nor, for that matter, to have any supernatural powers.

It is a unique feature of the religion of China that its sacred books are not claimed to be sent from above, rather that "in this case man dedicated his work to heaven, the reverse of the process of heaven instructing man by means of inspiration."

China had its religions many hundreds, probably thousands, of years before the birth of Confucius about 550 B.C., but it is Confucius who has been the inspiration of the religion of China ever since and the number of Temples erected in his memory runs into hundreds while it said that on the two annual festivals in his memory 70,000 animals and 30,000 pieces of silk are burned on his altars.

But the Chinese do not worship Confucius as a God. He is the great Sage. The Chinese have never worshipped a personal God, but rather a spiritual being whom they found everywhere. Their earliest name for God was 'T'ien, which we translate "Heaven," although the pictograph is made up of two representing One and Great.

It has been argued whether the religion is concerned with one God or many Gods. The truth may be that the Chinese, as Confucius put it, "served God by the ceremonies of the sacrifices to heaven and earth."

To a great philosopher and sage such as Confucius, the worship and conception of an impersonal One Spiritual Being may have been possible. For others, the impersonation of the manifestation of that Power was almost necessary and hence the prayers to the "Lord of the Winds," the "Thunder Master" and so on.

Before Confucius there were about 100 sacred books, of which many have come down to us, the oldest believed to date to the 23rd century before Christ. It was on these that Confucius based his teaching.

He put forward a philosophy and code of ethics, a way of life. He believed that Man's nature was from God and that Man could best serve God by harmonious acting out of it. He was of course, a deeply religious man, but his attitude seems to have been summarised in his famous reply to a question, "While you cannot serve men, how can you serve spirits?" And again, "While you do not know life, what can you know about death?" "It is for this reason that his teaching has been called ethical and philosophical rather than religious."

But although Confucius was little concerned with theology and much concerned with sociology, he



fully appreciated, for instance, the value of ritual and symbolism and, five centuries before Christ, he formulated the "Golden Rule" which he gave on a number of occasions—"What you do not like done to yourself, do not do to others."

Confucius was born in the state now known as Shan-tung, the son of an elderly father who died when he was three. He showed aptitude for religion early and after various kinds of work, at the age of 22 attracted students to a school where he taught the principles of right living and right government.

A full understanding of the life and teaching of Confucius would be impossible without knowledge of the China at the time, a China which had had feudalism for 1,500 years and suffered much under a multitude of bad and corrupt rulers and officials.

"Oppressive government is fiercer and more feared than a tiger" was one of Confucius's sayings and there is no doubt that he was strongly impressed with the idea that only under a system of good government could a man live a good life. His idea of good government was based on the family—the people were the children of the ruler.

He travelled to many states hoping that his teaching would be accepted by the rulers, but not until he was 70 was the offer made to him of an office in which he could have real influence. He refused it and spent the last years increasingly teaching and writing, dying at the age of 80.

For one brief period during his thirties, he held high office as magistrate and during this period there was happiness in Loo. Crime disappeared, dishonesty became uncommon. "Loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of the men and chastity and docility those of women. He was the idol of the people and flew in songs through their mouths."

What was the teaching of Confucius? Hundreds of his sayings have been quoted. He

WHEN H.M.S. Submarine "Tally Ho!" returned to a home port after a lengthy tour of the East, some of the boys made up for lost time.

As soon as Stoker Henry Judge was paid off he dashed to the York Hotel at Waterloo to see manageress Miss Nan Thomas. It's almost four years since Henry first went into the York. On that occasion he thumped the bar and called, "Hey, Maggie, draw me a pint!" Nan didn't answer to the name of Maggie, and she got tough.

But that was four years ago, and on a Wednesday of his leave Henry took her to the Brixton Register Office, and when they left they were man and wife.

Then we all had a party, which was considerably enlivened by the presence of my old friend Leading Stoker "Peggy" Neale, following which the bride and groom went on to Wales. Chapter two concerns ERA

taught that the mean was everything, that men should love and respect one another, that good family relationships are the foundation of a good life. Many of his aphorisms are pithy. A few may be quoted to show the trend of his teachings:—

"Extravagance leads to insubordination and parsimony to meanness. It is better to be mean than insubordinate."

"What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the petty man seeks is in others."

"It is only the truly virtuous who can love or hate others."

"Learning without thought is labour lost, thought without learning is dangerous."

Confucius was one of the truly great figures of history. As such he has been admitted even by critics who had little sympathy with his teaching suggesting that he was an ultra-conservative and over-emphasised the merits of serving the state, high or low, where a man might find himself. But Confucius was obviously limited by the conditions of his time.

Confucianism, strictly speaking, is not a religion but a complete system of philosophy, sociology, ethics and government. It was not fully developed for two or three centuries after the death of Confucius and became the state "religion" of China.

Only the sovereign of the nation was permitted to make direct contact with the supreme being. The people made contact only through the worship of their ancestors and to an extent through lesser spirits. It should be made clear that the Chinese worship and sacrifice to ancestors is not an act of propitiation as with primitive peoples. It is a tribute to filial piety which in China is very high in the scale of virtues.

The system was strongly influenced by Buddhism for a thousand years. The end of the Manchu dynasty in 1912, brought revolutionary changes. No longer was the Emperor sent from Heaven to be the father of the people. The people themselves are the real rulers.

Religious toleration has been introduced and Confucianism is hardly the strong political force it was formerly. But it is a powerful religious force and is likely to continue to be so. The extent to which the teachings of Confucius have formed the national characteristics of the Chinese is obviously very great.

In brief, in addition to the Golden Rule, Confucianism teaches that the virtues are filial piety, the supreme virtue, at least until recently; humanity (or love); justice; reverence and wisdom.

# Three Wedding Toasts for "Tally Ho"

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

ciprocate the good wishes, gents, and hope you all have a safe journey home.

THE First Lieutenant of H.M. Submarine "Unrivalled" congratulates us on the vastly improved pin-ups. I very much hope, sir, that the standard continues to soar. Though, of course, to a nearly married man all women but the one don't mean a thing, it strikes me that one pin-up is as good as any other to any man with a spot of imagination—however . . .

Regarding the pictures of "Taurus," I'm afraid there is nothing I can do about them. But you should have no difficulty in obtaining them if you write from a Naval Establishment. A letter to Lt. Froome-Tyler at Office of Admiral (Submarines) Northways should do the trick.

I met "Tally-Ho" when she came home, and was disappointed that John Steadman was not there—they told me he went sick on the way



First toast is to Leading Stoker Fred Blake and his bride, Wren Nelly Newport, seen here facing the crowds of well-wishers outside Wealdstone Mission Hall.

Arthur Bullus. Arthur had to wait for second leave, but he wasted little time after his return to England.

At the depot ship he met Margaret Lamb. Margaret is a Wren, and was there to welcome them home. At a service at Bounds Green Parish Church, one Saturday, the Wren became Mrs. Bullus.

The honeymoon couple were cheered on their way to Hastings by both families, ERA John Heath and "Wrothie" Hughes, an oppo. of the bride.

Leading Stoker Fred Blake and Wren Nelly Newport are concerned with chapter three.

A couple of years ago Fred met Nelly in the maintenance shop at Fort Blockhouse; on a Saturday, at the Wealdstone Gospel Mission Hall, he took her to be his wife.

Most of the town turned out to see this local affair, and the Wren guard of honour was hard-pushed to hold back the crowds at the church.

This chapter concerns them all. From "Good Morning" editorial staff go out greetings and the wishes that the three men who helped bring home "Tally Ho!" will enjoy every good thing they might wish themselves.



"All the best for the future" is the second toast to Stoker Henry Judge and Miss Nan Thomas who changed her name at Brixton Register Office one Spring afternoon.

home, and was returning on a surface craft. His friends at Richmond haven't heard recently.

No, sir, your good wishes are not too late—many thanks and every good wish to all aboard "Unrivalled."



LEADING Seaman W. Miller would like a real live gal rather than a pin-up. He suggests I might pack one up in an air mail letter and post her in the mail.

I'd do that, pal, but the mail is not safe these days—all kinds of things are getting lost. Better wait till you get home, and then have a nose around

The last, but by no means the smallest, toast we drink is to E.R.A. Arthur Bullus and Wren Margaret Lamb, whom he met at the depot ship, and married at Bounds Green Parish Church a short while after.

the Windmill. Thanks for your good wishes from the stokers' and seamen's messes of H.M. Submarine "Vampire." We re-

PETTY Officer F. Bellchambers writes from H.M. Submarine "Tireless" to suggest we use more stories concerning submarines and submariners.

Say, pal, don't you think I do enough gibbering? Anyway, if you want more Shop Talk you can have it. But remember you've asked for it. Have made a note of your change of home address, by the way, and will get our local correspondent to call upon your wife.

Ron Richards

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1





## When the Rooster starts to Sing— No Lie-abed can Sleep declares FRED KITCHEN

SO quiet, living in the country, eh? Not if your bedroom overlooks a range of farm buildings!

At some unearthly hour—somewhere between four and five o'clock—your subconsciousness becomes aware of a long-drawn, discordant noise that dispels sleep more effectively than any alarm clock ever procured by a "permit."

"That confounded rooster—somebody ought to wring his neck," you think, and try to get another hour's sleep.

It's no use. Every two minutes for the next hour that trisyllabic crowing comes through the open window; and you wonder how any bird, domesticated or wild, could produce such a strident noise as the lordly, self-important rooster.

No use trying to "get off" again now. We'd probably overlay, and incur the wrath of the herdsman, who, like the rooster, has a bad habit of "stirring in a morning."

Queer, though, where that bird got his hideous voice, for baby chicks are quite musical—especially at night as they cuddle around the "brooder" or tuck themselves under the old hen's wings.

Not the daytime "cheep, cheep"—that is pleasant, too—but a sort of sleepy cradle song that is quite sweet and musical, and has no relationship to that disturber of the peace outside who tries to sing and can't.

It seems to be the same with all the feathered inhabitants of the farm. Turkeys, for instance. Starting life with a clear call for "wheat, wheat," they graduate to a sing-song complaint which sounds like "Can't eat—wheat—wheat—chop—chop—"

Long before Christmas comes, all that is left of their sing-song are the last three, which have developed into a crude and ugly "gobble—gobble," which—to their credit—they confine to daylight hours.

It gradually breaks in on you that the rooster has ceased to crow. It must be several minutes since you heard that last crescendo, which means you really must be stirring—or else.

Strange noises have now broken out under the eaves and all along the spouting. Somehow, we don't get a square deal with those starlings. They try to see which of them can make the queerest noise as soon as ever the first glimpse of daylight shows through the window.

They're musical enough in the fields, giving quite lively oratorios for Bill's benefit at the plough.

But then, he is wide awake. Now, here at home—when all decent folk are still abed—they set up a flutter under the

loosened tiles, and converse in shrill, squeaky tones.

It is a change from, but no improvement on, the lusty-lunged rooster.

Mostly it's a "quirk." But sometimes it sounds as though the starlings were having a "throat gargle," with an occasional sharp whistle, in imitation of Shep whistling his dog.

Now comes a loud bellow from the cowshed, which dies away in a long, moaning sound. Bluebell is inquiring what has become of her calf—born yesterday afternoon. And you simply must get up, for it's probably the herdsman knocking about who has disturbed Bluebell.

An impudent starling has settled on the window-sill. It wipes its beak on the stone-work—or it may have a notion of sharpening its long, pointed end ready for digging—peeps through the short curtain, sees a man encasing himself in a pair of queer-looking cylinders . . . and flies off with a chuckle of enjoyment.

The sparrows have now joined in with quite a lovely chirp. And in the cowshed the herdsman answers to our "Good morning" with:

"I do believe if a tank come lumbering past it wouldn't disturb some folk in a mornin'!"

## Ate 60lb of Cherries, then had his Lunch

ENOUGH was as good as a feast to Nicholas Wood, of Harrison (Kent)—the trouble was he never seemed to be able to get enough.

In his days—he lived in the earlier part of the 18th century—many people ate more at a meal than we eat in a week, but Nicholas ate enough to keep a family for a month. And, though he started his career as a prosperous landowner, his stomach landed him in poverty long before he died.

According to accounts, he ate a whole sheep at a sitting. At another time he devoured thirty dozen pigeons, and at another eighty-four rabbits.

"Two loins of mutton and one loin of veal were but as three sprats to him," states one record. He ate 60lb. of cherries and then asked for his lunch. And on one occasion, having picked clean a whole pig, he finished off three peck of damsons—and all that after a breakfast of porridge and milk, bread, butter and cheese.

"Once, at Sir Warham St. Leger's house, he showed himself so violent of teeth and

THE map-makers have had a difficult time these last ten years keeping pace with the many frontier changes in Asia, Africa and Europe. With the coming of peace the re-drawing of frontiers will inevitably result in new names for old towns.

How many people, I wonder, recognised in Aachen, the German town which was the scene of recent violent fighting, their old friend Aix-la-Chapelle.

I know people who believe Helsinki and Helsingfors are two different cities, and have looked long on the map of Holland for Gravenhage, giving it up before they realised this was nothing but The Hague under another name.

There are lots of us who still find it difficult to speak automatically of Istanbul when we mean Constantinople, and until the events of April, 1940, immortalised the name of Oslo, could never get out of the habit of calling it Christiania, the name by which we had learned the capital of Norway.

Why do towns change their names? Sometimes it is sentiment. Christiania, named after King Christian in 1624, was changed to Oslo in 1925 because the name Oslo, that of a suburb of the capital, had many romantic associations for them.

It was the name of the city that stood on the site 600 years before it was swept away by a series of devastating fires.

Political sentiment, of course, is a big factor. A war and a revolution turned St. Petersburg successively into Petrograd and Leningrad in the course of a decade. It is difficult to remember when you read the classic Russian writers, that Nizhni-Novgorod is now Gorki.

Those who knew the town in the old days probably still thought of Tsaritsin by that name until its new name was fixed in the minds of the world by the epic victory of Stalin-grad in 1942.

It is immediately after wars and revolutions that nations are most sensitive about their place names. Sometimes they had jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

In 1918, when she achieved her independence, for instance, Estonia decided that Reval, with its German origin, was no name for their capital, and they changed the centuries-old name to Tallinn. Then, in 1937, local philologists made the horrible discovery that Tallinn meant "Danish Town," and Estonian patriots agitated for a new, 100 per cent. Estonian name.

The movement for independence in Finland not only changed Helsingfors into Hel-

sinki and Viborg into Viipori, but also insisted on all personal Christian and surnames being changed to remove any-Swedish associations!

Another "chameleon city" is that we have known as Peking, but which is now Peiping.

The city was originally called neither of these things, but Yenking or Chungtu, and later, when he had re-built it, re-christened Taitu (The Great Residence) By Kubla Khan.

When the first emperor of the Ming dynasty moved his capital to Nanking, Taitu was re-christened Peking (the Northern capital). It became the capital again not long after, but lost this position in 1928, when once more its name was changed, this time to Peiping.

Not only towns, but whole countries change their names with the re-drawing of frontiers. Many people still speak of "Persia," although it has been Iran for nearly ten years, and many old soldiers find it difficult to think of Mesopotamia, more often known by its first two syllables, as Iraq, the ancient name for this area.

In many cases, of course, the different names for the same town are simply due to language difficulties.

Every country has its own way of writing and pronouncing the name of a town in another country. What the Germans call Teschen, the Czechs call Tesin and the Poles,

Cieszyn, and the resulting sounds are much the same. Perhaps if we found ourselves at a station called Warszawa we might have some difficulty in recognising Warsaw.

To the logical person it is difficult to understand why we call Roma by the French Rome, but transcribe Paris literally, especially when so many attempt to pronounce Marseilles in the French way.

The limits of confusion are reached with Japanese place names when, because the name has to be transcribed into the Latin alphabet, a place may be called Fusan or Huisan, and both are equally right.

In Britain we are not so sensitive about our politics and revolutions. No towns were re-named when King Charles had his head cut off, and the revolution that overthrew King James caused no disturbance in our atlases.

When our names have been changed it has been for very prosaic reasons. Indeed, only a completely prosaic reason will persuade the Ministry of Health—the authority concerned—to give permission, and this it does rarely. About the only reason accepted is possible confusion. It was the confusion of travellers over Bishopstoke and Basingstoke, both railway junctions in Hamp-

shire, that led to the former becoming Eastleigh. The Aesthetics leave the Ministry of Health quite cold, and

neither Blubberhouse, Chow-bent or Slough have been permitted to change their names. Slough wanted to become Upton Royal on the grounds that the name suggested the town was a "mudhole," and recently there was a mild agitation along the same lines, again, but most of the inhabitants probably now find nothing dreadful about living in Slough.

A change that was permitted was Anzac to Peacehaven. But when, some time later a further change to Southcliffe was sought, the request was refused.

"Unpleasant associations" has been a common ground for seeking a change of name. Colney Hatch once asked for a change because of the famous lunatic asylum. The residents said that the address "Colney Hatch" was hardly conducive to encouraging business or visitors. No change was made—officially.

But the name came to be used solely for the asylum, while the rest of the district developed into New Southgate.

## ALEX CRACK

Miss Brady: "I saw a man in a window making faces to-day."

Mr. Murphy: "What was he doing that for?"

Miss Brady: "For a couple of clocks; he's a jeweller."

**DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. NOTES OF INTERROGATION.** You will notice by studying this plate carefully that all drawings here have as their basic shape, a question mark, either proper, in reverse, or upside down. Each question mark is shown to the left of the sketch accompanying it and constructed from it. Try your hand at a few new examples yourself, it's good fun and easy when you get "the hang of it."



D.N.K.B.



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

So much speculation in the buying of stamps has gone on during the war that I am afraid non-collectors must be getting the impression that philately is just a "get-rich-quick" racket. As we know, this is far from being true, but the question, Why do people collect stamps? is always interesting to ourselves and a bit of a mystery to other people.

Some quite good points on this topic are made by Wing-Commander J. H. B. Carson in the Stamp Magazine. He recalls the reply of a famous philatelist when asked why he collected stamps, "Because I like collecting stamps," and adds that this is only half the truth.



I wonder how many collectors (he writes) have ever really probed into the motives that lead them to continue with their hobby. First, there is our old friend the acquisitive instinct, that comes to us from the cradle and remains with us through life.

Then there is the financial aspect. Just as we all desire to own possessions, so we all desire to own the most prized possession of all—money. And with stamps there is always the hope that what we bought to-day for sixpence may to-morrow be worth a pound. How often these hopes are proved illusory is another matter; the important thing is the hope is there. And sometimes it comes off.

For such a wonderful thing is human nature that we remember our successes and forget our failures. Just as well, perhaps, or our lives would be sorry things in retrospect. But the fact remains that stamp collecting gives us perennially the joy of the hunt and the lure of the chase, with the eternal hope that the quarry may this time turn out to be indeed the prize of all prizes.

No, deceive ourselves though we may, the cash basis is one of the main-springs of our hobby, and the hope of future gain is inherent in all our efforts.

But there is still one other reason, one which I have never seen referred to elsewhere; and it is probably the most important of the lot.

It has been remarked that during the last war, despite the filth and stench and horror of the trenches, the average man was completely happy because for the first time in his life he was using all his faculties to the full; and scientists have told us that we are endowed by Nature with such marvellous powers that we do not normally bring into play more than a tenth of them.

So we may be the victims of our acquisitiveness, we may be lured by the love of gain, but at bottom we are stamp collectors because our interest is aroused.



And for this reason I suggest that stamp collecting is one of the greatest safeguards against social unrest that has ever been devised. Though we may not have known it, we are actually doing our share towards the maintenance of our civilisation.

This week I am illustrating the Polish commemorative for the heroes of the Warsaw Rising, a stamp which retailed at 3s. when it was first issued, and is already rapidly appreciating.

Also, here are three Russian stamps. One honours "The Day of the United Nations—June 14" and shows the flags of Russia, Great Britain and the United States of America. The long format stamps are two from a set issued last year to mark "Twenty Years Without Lenin."



Good  
Morning



## SUNDAY MORNING

There's a subtle difference in the air of a Sunday morning; it's as though the sense of blessed calm after the comings and goings of workaday mornings had somehow soaked itself into the very atmosphere. For just these few hours every week, the world is born again and becomes for a spell a wider and cleaner and emptier place.

